1132.c.16.
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THE *Briſtol* RIOT.

CONTAINING,

I. A Full and Particular Account of the RIOT in General, with ſeveral Material Circumſtances Preceding, and Contributing to it.

II. The whole Proceedings relating to the TRYAL of the RIOTERS, before Judge POWYS, Judge TRACEY, and Mr. Baron PRICE.

By a Gentleman who attended the Commiſſion.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1714. (*Price* 6 *d.*)

46.
1797

BRISTOL,

Friday Novemb. 26.
1714.

SIR,

I AM resolv'd to perform my Promise to you before I left *London*, to give you an Account of what we went about, the Riot at this Place; but my constant Attendance on my Lord, as it has given me an Opportunity to be well inform'd of every Particular, so it obliges me to shor-

ten my Relation, by leaving out ſeveral Things that would be very entertaining, and inſerting what's Material; we arrived here on *Thurſday*, having met with a different Reception according to the different Sentiments People had of our Journey, but it muſt be own'd that the far greater number of his Majeſty's Subjects paid due Reſpect to the *Commiſſion*, and wiſh'd the Judges well in the Diſcharge of it, as looking upon it to be an Affair of the greateſt Conſequence to the Peace of the Kingdom.

My Lords have done little as yet, but prepare Matters for the *Tryal*, of which you will have a full and faithful Account from me. I cannot however ſtay till the cloſe of it, without ſatisfying your Impatience, to know the true Hiſtory of this troubleſome Buſineſs, and it happens that no Body can give you better Information, I having been ſeveral times in Company with Mr. *Stevens*, where the Mob began their Treaſonable and Felonious Aſſault, with Mr *Whiting*, the Under-Sheriff, and the Reverend Mr *Gough*, a Miniſter of Senſe, Learning and Integrity, and by means of my Friend Mr *Legg*, who is Keeper of *Newgate*, have acquainted my ſelf with the Characters and Behaviour of the Criminals before

before and ſince their being in his Cuſtody. The Informations I ſhall get from them, you will receive by the Poſt ; I will not ſtay till I return, for 'twill then be too late to do any Service, if you intend, as you hinted, to publiſh theſe Memoirs. I hear there are ſeveral Perſons ſent down on purpoſe, to pick up Scraps of Intelligence, but as they are ordinary Fellows of no Acquaintance, and have no opportunities to come at a perfect knowledge of the Matter. You will do well to let Mr. *R*— have my Accounts of Fact, to be put into Order by ſome Friend of his, that the World may not be impos'd upon by falſe and trifling Relations.

Since I began my Letter to you, a Friend of Mr. *Stevens* was with me, and telling me he had drawn out a compleat Account of the Riot as it related to him, to ſend it to a Merchant of *London*, a Particular Acquaintance. I deſir'd him to let me have a Copy of that Letter, which he very readily granted, and I ſhall ſend it herewith, if I can get it Copy'd in time before the Poſt goes.

You may aſſure Mr. *R*— 'tis genuine, for it will be taken *Verbatim*, and I believe it would give the World more ſatisfaction

to

to ſee it in his own Words than in any other.

There are ſome things previous to this Buſineſs, which 'tis requiſite you ſhould know, to let you into the Temper and Spirit of the Citizens of this Place.

They have among them a ſort of Club, who call themſelves the *Loyal Society*, and have under that Name ſent up ſeveral fooliſh Addreſſes in favour of *Arbitrary Power*, *Hereditary Right* and *Sacheverel*, they are very officious on all *High Church* Feſtivals, and make more Noiſe, drink more Beer, and ſwear more Oaths than half the reſt of their Fellow Citizens. Theſe Wretches, 'tis thought, fomented the late *Riot*, which they durſt not do, if they they were not ſatisfy'd of the peaceable and dutiful Diſpoſition of their Opponents, for four in five of the Sober, Honeſt, Thriving part of the Magiſtrates and Citizens of *Briſtol*, are *Whigs*. And the *Tories* cou'd never have carry'd any Point here, but by the Intereſt of a very great *Tory*, and 'till lately *Nonjuror*, Mr. C———, who has ſhewn how far he prefers good Works to Purity of Life, by laying out ſome Thouſands of Pounds in building Hoſpitals here, while himſelf liv'd very much at his Eaſe with a *Tory*, tho' of a different Sex at *M---ke*.

The

The appearance of ſuch good Deeds acquir'd him ſo general a Name here, that the People forgot he was a Jacobite, and every one agreed, that Mr. *C*——— was the beſt Man in the World to repreſent them, and his countenancing the Jacobite Intereſt, made the Faction rampant in a Place to which he had been ſo great a Benefactor.

This 'tis neceſſary you ſhould be acquainted with, to remove any wrong Opinion you may conceive of the Citizens of *Briſtol*, who I find are very Loyal to His Majeſty, and very thankful to Providence for having the Proteſtant Succeſſion ſecured to them: Nay, the Seamen and the common People are generally very good Proteſtants, and 'tis only the Rotten, Thieviſh, Drunken part of them that were concern'd in this Riot. Neither durſt theſe have ſtood, but that of late their Leaders have engag'd the Colliers of *Kingswood* in their Intereſt, and whenever they want them, thoſe filthy Ruffians are ready to enter the City to their Aſſiſtance; as they did about Two Years ago, when they were vigorouſly oppos'd by that brave Soldier and excellent Lawyer, Major *Wade*, whom they had the Inſolence to aſſault at the Head of the Militia, but upon his offering to Fire, the Rogues

Rogues ſcamper'd, doing all the Miſchief they cou'd in their Flight. Theſe High Church Colliers hardly ever heard of Religion, till *Cheverel* was the Word, given them by the Faction, and as they will do any thing for Drink, the Faction take care to give them enough of it when they are wanted.

As I paſs'd through *Kingſwood*, which is not above three Miles from the City, I ſaw ſeveral of the Brood of theſe black Bigots, who begg'd at the ſide of our Coach, and ſung us Songs bare-headed and bare-leg'd for a Mile together. 'Twas in Dependace of the *Kingſwood* Reinforcement, that the *Briſtol* Rioters were ſo impudent, and the Neighbourhood of ſuch Rogues ſhews how neceſſary the Care of our Government is to put an End to ſuch Miſchiefs by condign Puniſhment. True, there's ſtill ſo much Spirit among the Faction, that they look on the Proceſs of the Law, as a very great Hardſhip; and ſo indeed it muſt ſeem to be to Raſcals that have been Lawleſs for theſe four Years paſt, but as every thing is carry'd on with the the greateſt Juſtice, Equality and Moderation.

'Tis

'Tis only from the Mouths of the Enemies to the Conſtitution that a Word, or a Whiſper is heard againſt the *Commiſſion*, the juſteſt and moſt neceſſary one that ever was given out by the *Crown*. Some harden'd Creatures there are, who think 'tis Cruel to be Juſt. What they or their Brethren are, the Criminals own'd before we came down; They not only banter'd the *Commiſſion*, but threaten'd to inſult it. About a Fortnight ago came hither Four Coaches with Six Horſes that had left a Hearſe behind them at the Half-way Houſe between this City and *Bath*. The Faction imagining thoſe Coaches brought the *Commiſſion*, and ſeeing no Attendants, thinking they might be Inſolent with Impunity, as if the Government was afraid of them, ſome of them cry'd out, *No Jefferies*, *No Weſtern Aſſizes*, but not a Word of that now. They are all huſh'd, and the Proceedings are carry'd on with ſo much Tenderneſs and Uprightneſs, that the Tongues of the greateſt *Jacobites* are ty'd, and the Criminals are left to the Law.

When the *Peace* was Proclaim'd here, the above-mentioned *Loyal Society* were very tumultuous in their Joy, and the Scum of the Rabble broke the Windows of all

thoſe that did not Illuminate them on that odious Occaſion.

It is not to be forgotten, that at the laſt Election, when Sir *William Daines* ſtood for Member of Parliament, the Mob, in a moſt barbarous manner, inſulted all his Friends, abuſing and wounding them. The Sheriff, Mr. ———, the Bookſeller at the *Tolſel*, taking no more care to ſuppreſs the Diſorders of the City than thoſe of his own Family. The Rabble threatned to break into the Houſe of Mr. ——, one of Sir *William Daines*'s Friends, to gut it and murder the Maſter of it. They were aſſiſted in this by the *Kingswood* Colliers before-mention'd, and had not *Joſeph Earl*, Eſq; one of the Members of this City, and not at all in Sir *William*'s Intereſt, enter'd the Houſe and defended it all Night in Perſon, the Mob who had broke it up and was got into the Court-Yard, would then have begun their Tragical Riots and Traiterous Inſurrection, even in the laſt Reign of Peace and late glorious Adminiſtration, which order'd Mr. —— to be proſecuted for Defending himſelf, and Mr. *Earl* was ſo juſt as to leave the Parliament, and go to *Glouceſter* Aſſizes, on purpoſe to appear for him. The Innocent were, in thoſe Times, proſecuted for the Guilty, but

Juſtice

Juſtice and Truth will now take Place, and Righteouſneſs prevail in theſe Courts for ever.

I would not keep you ſo long from the main Subject of my Letter, the laſt *Riot*, but to ſhew you from what Seeds it roſe, and by what Party encourag'd, that the Shame and Guilt of it may be laid in the right place. The ſame mutinous and debauch'd Party have been ſupported here by ſome ill *Teachers*, whoſe Duty it is to teach *Charity* and *Love*. They are proud of imitating the Example of Parſon *Thompſon*, Preacher of St. *Thomas*'s Pariſh in this City, who outdid even *Sacheverel* himſelf, in crying up Arbitrary Power, and aſſerting *Tyranny* to be Chriſtianity.

This Man was always foremoſt on any Mutinous Occaſion, and us'd to appear at the Head of the High-Church Rabble on thoſe laudable Anniverſaries the 29*th* of *May* and 30*th* of *January*, when *Fanatical Dogs* and *Presbyterian Rogues* were the beſt Words that came out of his Mouth, and *Down with 'em*, no *Popiſh Plot*, no *Monmouth* was the Cry: For which, and two or three Addreſſes of Abhorrence of the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, he was made Dean of that Place, but the Houſe of Commons ſent for him up, had

him brought upon his Knees before them. Voted him a *Betrayer* of the *Priviledges* of the People of *England*, and, I think they ſay, ſent him to *Newgate*; however, his Deanary made amends for all; and ſeveral little Parſons imitating both his Morals and Principles, have taken the Preaching up *Hereditary*, *Indefeaſible*, *Unalienabe Right* to be the High Road to Preferment, flattering themſelves, that becauſe *Thompſon* was made a Dean, and *Sacheverel* Rector of St. *Andrew*'s, that they may at leaſt become Canons and Prebends, by crying up *Church* and *Church*, till they ſet their Hearers together by the Ears, as they did here, which is the only way to bring it into real Danger.

Here are ſeveral Pious and Learned Divines who adorn the Doctrine they profeſs, particularly the Reverend Mr. *Bedford* of *Temple-Church*, who wrote againſt the Stage, but theſe are, forſooth, *Presbyterians* in their *Hearts*. And if a Man has any Sobriety of Manners and Sweetneſs of Temper, *D——n him*, cry the Leaders of this Mob, *he's a Fanatick*, as if it was inconſiſtent with a good Churchman to be either *Charitable* or *Sober*, tho' to be ſo is the nobleſt Characteriſtick of a Church of *England Man*, as being a Son of the pureſt

Church

Church in the Chriſtian World. The Truth is, the *Briſtol* Mob, like the other *Engliſh* Rabble ſince *Sacheverel*'s ſeditious Progreſſes, do not mean the Church or Religion in their Riots and Inſurrections; it would be prepoſterous, that either they or their Leaders, who are every where Fellows of the moſt wicked and ſcandalous Lives and Characters, ſhou'd be at all concern'd for the Doctrines of our Orthodox and National Church, which are all pure and peaceable; 'tis a Sham, and the moſt abſurd and ridiculous one that ever poor ſtupid Souls were abus'd with, but it has put Words in the Mouths of the Rabble here, which they have baſely miſapply'd, and cry'd out *Church* and *Church*, when their Deſign was nothing elſe but *Jacobitiſm*, that is, *Popery* and *Plunder*; for cou'd any one in his Senſes imagine, that the Friends of the Church of *England* could be afraid of Diſturbance in a City where there are Twenty Churches, and but One or Two Presbyterian Meetings. Here are, 'tis true, abundance of *Quakers*, who do not however much encreaſe the Whig Intereſt, as they call it, ſo many of them falling in with *Pen*, who is originally of this Country, Marry'd his Wife here, and his Father Sir

William

William Pen bury'd in *Radcliff* Church, with a noble Monument over him.

You will wonder how I could collect ſo many Particularities in ſo little time, but 'twill not ſurprize you when I tell you, that moſt of them were already methodiz'd by the Reverend Mr. ——, who had done it for Helps to his Memory, himſelf intending an Account of this Affair from the beginning to the end, and in moſt Places of this Letter, he not only aſſiſted ed me with his Memoirs, but with his Hand.

What contributed as much as any thing to the Ferment here, was the Diſpoſition of the late Lord Lieutenant of *Briſtol*, the Duke of *B*——, who was ſo laviſh of his own and the Publicks Money in the laſt Elections to ſerve the *White-Staff*, the *Purſe* and the *Mitre*,. who were ſerving their Queen and Country in the manner their Hiſtorians told us; 'Tis ſaid here, that Lord ſpent near 19000 Pounds to make ſuch Members of Parliament as were grateful to thoſe Worthy Managers, and that they very ungratefully let almoſt half of it go out of his own Pocket. 'Tis not to be doubted, but part of the expended Money was ſcatter'd here, for the *Faction*, as I have obſerv'd, are as Poor as they are Peſtilent,

Peſtilent, and could not have got ſuch Mobs together without Foreign Supplies, and the Encouragement of a Lord of his Name and Intereſt, did doubtleſs, agitate the Minds of thoſe unthinking People.

When he dy'd, there was plainly a damp on their Spirits for a time, and the Friends to the Proteſtant Succeſſion recover'd Heart, inſomuch that upon the *Staff*'s being remov'd, the Joy of the Citizens ſeem'd to be unanimous, and the ſatisfaction at the Change appear'd in every Face that made any Appearance at all.

The News of the Queen's Death was receiv'd here with a ſuitable Concern, and when His Majeſty was Proclaim'd, every one ſtrove to outdo his Neighbour in demonſtrations of Loyalty and Affection to his Government. The Mayor, Aldermen, the two Sheriffs, Mr. *Beecher* and Mr. *Swymmer*, the Reverend and Honourable Mr. *Booth*, Dean of *Briſtol*, ſeveral Country Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood in the Commiſſion of the Peace, and all the Clergy who were then in *Briſtol*, aſſiſted at the Ceremony which was perform'd at the *Tolſel*, with great marks of Duty and Zeal; nay, the very Officers whom the Duke of *B*—— had put over the Militia, ſeem'd to be as Joyous and as Loyal as the

reſt

reſt of the honeſt Citizens; the Conduits ran Wine, the Houſes were illuminated at Night, and the People in general conceiv'd Hopes that the Differences which had been cheriſh'd by the Intrigues of the *Staff* wou'd have had an end; eſpecially there being but one *Neſt* of *Papiſts* in the City, and but few *Nonjurors*, no Body then mention'd the *Pretender* but with Contempt and Defiance, which is indeed the true and natural Inclinations of this Trading Proteſtant People.

How comes it then, you'll ſay, that Eleven Weeks after, this Inſurrection ſhould be made here by *Jacobites*? Why, in anſwer to this, you muſt be content with the Fact and the Reflection of my good Friend Mr. ——, that this Riot running with ſuch a ſudden and ſurprizing Violence thro' moſt parts of this Kingdom, 'tis look'd upon as the laſt Convulſion of a deſperate dying *Faction*, and that they had ſecretly been working to have it kindled to a Commotion.

On that happy Day, the King's *Coronation*, which was to put an end to their Hopes for ever, the latent Seeds of Sedition planted by the means before mention'd, broke out here and elſewhere, to be blaſted and die by the Laws and Hands of Juſtice.

Juſtice: And if the making Examples of the *Criminals* does put a ſtop to their Crime, the little Trouble it has given the Nation will ſufficiently be made amends for.

Having thus prepar'd the way for the Account I intend you, I proceed to enter into the Particulars of that and the Tryal.

In the Evening of the *Coronation-Day*, ſeveral worthy Gentlemen made an Appointment to meet in the Great Room of the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, a very noble new Edifice in *Queen-Square* in the City. There was to be a Ball and Collation, and the Citizens of the beſt Faſhion of both Sexes, made their Appearance there in Honour of the Day. Bonfires were prepared in ſeveral Parts of the City. The Windows were generally illuminated, and every one thought Night would have ended as Joyfully as that of the *Proclamation* did. But the *Jacobites* having very probably had their Inſtructions from the Heads of their *Faction* were prepar'd to diſturb the *Solemnity*, which however thoſe *Robbers* and *Rioters* durſt not have done, had not the Citizens crowded ſo much to the *Cuſtom-Houſe* to ſhare in the Loyal Diverſions there. Nor would the Enemies to the Government have been able to get their Crew together at all, unleſs

they had enflam'd the *Staunch* Part of the Rabble with a Notorious Lye, that an Effigies of *Sacheverel* was made and lodg'd in a *Whig* Houſe, with Intention to have it burnt. What a horrid parcel of Miſchiefs has that *worthleſs* Man been the occaſion of? And what an Eternal Scandal has he brought on an Honeſt Name? 'Tis great Pity the Nation muſt be bully'd by a Perſon that every wiſe and good Man deteſts or diſpiſes; for thoſe that made uſe of him for their own wicked Purpoſes thought him, as the *Staff* owns, a Man of no Worth, and indeed had he had the leaſt Grain of Senſe, he would never have done their vile Drudgery, or have had the *Effronterie* to ſhew his Head afterwards. Let me digreſs a little on this Occaſion, and I'll have done with the *Doctor*, who, as I have heard told ſince I came here, was going about a new Progreſs from *Oxford*, under pretence of meeting Sir *Con.* his noble Advocate, coming from his *Iriſh Expedition*.

At *Birmingham* there was a Riot not ſo fatal, but as numerous as this at *Briſtol*. The Doctor having given a Sermon at *Sutton*, and hal'd after him Two hundred of the Rabble of the Town. I do not ſay 'twas at *Sutton*, where one Mr *Sacheverel* lives, to whom this Rector pretends to be Rela-

Related, whereas indeed *Sacheverel* of *Holborn* was the Son of one of *Marlborough*, and he the Son of Mr. *Sacheverel*, an honeſt *Presbyterian Parſon* of *Wincaunton* in this Country, where the good Man's Effigies was actually burnt by the *Tantivy-Men*, during the Civil Wars: but the *Whigs* are not for imitating thoſe Wretches in any thing. While *Sacheverel* was in *Warwickſhire*, he was viſited by ſeveral of the Neighb'ring Yeomen, and ſome of the Inferiour Gentry, among whom was one Mr. *Willis*, a Papiſt, whom the Doctor greeted in a very rude manner; for being apprehenſive that the *Flying-Poſt*, or ſome other of his good Friends, would tell what Company he was in, he went up to Mr. *Willis*, and ſaid, as I am inform'd here, *I wonder how you dare come to ſee me, knowing who I am, and what an Injury it may do me to be ſeen where you are* Mr. *Willis* reply'd, *You are very much miſtaken if you think I come out of Reſpect to ſee you. I did it, as I ſuppoſe every Body elſe here did, to ſtare at you as a Monſter*; yet did the Name of that very Man do all that has been done here, and other Parts of the Kingdom, and indeed whatever has been done Inſolently and Miſchievouſly againſt the Government,

ſince his preſent Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Throne.

Here the Cry was, *God bleſs Dr.* Sacheverel; What muſt that unworthy Man think of himſelf for the Occaſion of ſo much Miſchief! What *Murders*, what *Robberies* have been committed in his Name, and yet he is as much delighted with the *Huzza*'s the Riotous Mobs give him, as *John Naylor* the *Quaker* of Old was, when he enter'd this City, a Crowd of Blaſphemous Men, Women and Children attending him, and ſaying *Hoſanna*, for which the *Rump* had him fairly whipp'd and puniſhed, with other *wholeſome Severities.*

The Fellows that cry'd *Sacheverel*, were for the moſt part Drunk, and their Stupidity may be imagined by their miſtaking his Majeſty's Loyal Subjects for *Commonwealths-men*, *Down with the Round Heads*, being another Part of their Cry. They broke the Windows that were illuminated, eſpecially Mr. *Whiting*'s the Under-Sheriff, who had given them Offence by ſhewing himſelf Hearty in the proſecuting one of their Gang, an Abandon'd perjur'd Wretch.

They

They alſo demoliſh'd Mr. *Jefferies*'s Window, hating him for his diſtinguiſh'd Loyalty to our preſent Gracious Sovereign. But the Violence of the Storm fell on Captain *Stevens*'s Father's Houſe.

I was in Hopes to have ſent you his own Letter, before-mention'd; but I ſhall not have Time to procure it, wherefore you muſt be contented with the following Account of the Attack made on Mr. *Stevens*'s Houſe, as it was ſent by an Acquaintance of Captain *Stevens*'s to a Merchant in *London*, three or four Days after the Riot was committed.

SIR

SIR,

YOU may remember the promiſe I made you, of giving you the beſt Account I cou'd get of the very beginning of the Briſtol Riot, which I think I have in my power to oblige you with now, as follows,

On the day of His Majeſty King George's Coronation, ſome time before Night, a ſmall Party of Rioters appear'd before the Houſe of Mr. Stephens, a Baker, a very wealthy and eminent Citizen of Briſtol, and who has always diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in the Election of Whig Members for the ſaid City. Mrs. Stephens happen'd to be at her Door when they came, and was aſſaulted forthwith by one of them, who had a Broomſtick in his Hand, and then upon her crying out, they thought fit to retire; as they went off, ſome of the Neighbourhood over-heard them ſay, They'd be with them again in the Evening, which they reported to Mrs. Stephens, and deſired them to ſecure their Houſe; accordingly in the Evening they came, as they promis'd, and found every thing ready for their reception. As good fortune would have it, Capt. Stephens, the

Son

Son of Mrs. Stephens, a West-India Captain, had invited some Country Gentlemen to a Bowl of Punch to his Father's, and was making merry in the back part of the House when the Rioters came. At first they try'd all the fair means imaginable to pacify them; (You will have heard that the Pretence was an Effigies of Sacheverel, which was reported to have been in Mr. Stephens's House,) the People within offer'd them to search, but they would hear nothing of it, when Mr. Stephens found they came rather for Plunder than for the pretended Picture, he shew'd them how he and his Friends were ready to receive them if they attempted to break in. The Rioters however took no notice of this warning, but broke tumultuously in, and began to do all the Ill they could. The Captain indeed, who guarded the passage of his Parlour, had a Peice well loaded, and let fly among them as he promis'd; this startled the Rioters a little, who after having pillag'd and plunder'd to their utmost below, retir'd. What Damages in particular they did I can't learn, but the Till Money, which amounted to near Twenty Pounds, and all the Plate they could come at, with the ruin of all the Liquors they found below, we are certain of. The next day the Rioters differ'd among themselves, and return'd all the Plate.

I ſhould here add, that they return'd again to Mr. Stephens *with a reſolution to do more Miſchief, but the Captain, with his Friends, being ready for them at the Stair head, ſome of the Rioters, out of an apprehenſion of the Captain and his Friends being Charg'd with Blunderbuſſes above, once more fled. 'Tis ſaid the Piece which the Captain diſcharg'd had a good effect, for one of the Rioters, who pretended he got a ſlight Wound with a Sword the Coronation Evening, dy'd the day following, and 'tis generally thought 'twas owing to that Diſcharge the Captain made.*

The Rioters the ſame Evening had a Deſign on one of the Sheriff's of the City, but he being forewarn'd of it, prepar'd a large quantity of Wine and other Liquors, to win them if poſſible, which had the deſired effect, for when they came to attack him, he beſpoke them with all the Candour imaginable, and diſtributed his Liquors among them; this Bait took them and he, while they were Drinking, made all the haſte he could with an exact Liſt of the Rioters. By this Artifice this Gentleman ſav'd himſelf and his Family, and had an opportunity of doing his Country a real peice of Service, by ſecuring the Names of theſe notorious Rebels to his Gracious Majeſty King George. *After this Gentleman's Entertainment of the Rioters, they proceeded to the Cuſtom-houſe, where all the chief*

chief Lady's of the City, were entertain'd with a magnificent Ball by ſome Gentlemen of the Place; all of a ſudden a ſhower of the largeſt Stones that could be found, came pouring in on the whole Company, this put a ſtop to their Entertainment, and had it not been for ſome of their Servants and Cuſtom-houſe Officers, who went out againſt them, more wou'd have enſu'd, but ſuch was the Spirit of theſe mean Rebels that they ſoon fled, and put an end to their infamous Riot, on ſuch a day as that of his moſt Sacred Majeſty King George's *Coronation.*

I forget to tell you of an unheard inſtance of Barbarity, which was their knocking down a poor Quaker who came to appeaſe them, and then trampled him to Death, Their Cry was *Sacheverel* and O ——, and D —— n all Foreigners.

I am

SIR,

Yours, &c.

As ſoon as the Mayor heard of the Riot, and the Pretence they made for it, their Doctor's Effigies, he very prudently ordered Conſtables to go not only to Mr. *Stevens*'s to keep the Peace, but even to ſearch his Houſe, and give the *Rabble* their *Idol*, if it was found there, in hopes that would have ſatisfied them; but neither that nor Capt. *Stevens*'s Fair Speeches had any effect upon them. They firſt broke all Mr. *Stevens*'s Windows to pieces, and then got into his Houſe by the Shop, which they rifled.

Mr. *Stevens* is a ſubſtantial Honeſt Man, and collects the King's Tax, which was the Purchaſe the Mob came for. It happen'd all the Caſh was removed, except the Twenty Pound mention'd in the Letter. They would have forc'd their way up Stairs, but Mr *Stevens*, and his Son, defended that Paſs ſo well, that they could not force it.

In this Diſpute one of them was run into the Body, and another ſhot. The latter is dead, and received the Reward of his Wickedneſs on the ſpot. They rifled the Houſe below Stairs, took away the Furniture, Plate, Bread and threw the Meal about the Shop. Nay, they were ſo very

miſchievous, that they tore Mr *Stevens*'s Shop-book.

The Magiſtrates were not Idle all this while, they repair'd to the Place where the Rioters were acting their Villanies, and at the Hazzard of their Lives endeavour'd to quell them.

They ſo far ſucceeded, part by Threats, and part by Perſwaſions, as to prevent their continuing the Tumult as the Mob deſign'd, and to viſit and rifle other Houſes as well as Mr. *Stevens*'s. That theſe *Raſcals* who had the *Doctor* ſo much in their Mouths, meant nothing but Tumult and Pillage, may be ſeen by their Compounding with the Sheriff for their Bellies full of Beer to ſave his Tenement.

When the Riot was over, the Magiſtrates were very diligent to have the Chief of them apprehended. They ordered a Reward of Fifty Pound to be paid by the Chamberlain to any one that ſhould diſcover the Murderer of Mr. *Thomas* the *Quaker* beforemention'd, and there being a good Liſt taken of the moſt buſy of the Rioters. About Twenty of them were ſeiz'd the next Day and ſent to *Newgate*.

A Relation of the Fact was transmitted to the Government, and a Representation of the necessity of a vigorous Prosecution of the Criminals, for really, unless they had been punish'd, this City had never been safe; the Mob and their Confederates of *Kingswood*, would doubtless have carry'd the Pillage much farther next time.

In the former Riot, when some of the Rabble were Taken and carry'd to the Town Hall at the *Tolsel*, the rest of the Mob assaulted the Town Hall, and forc'd the Magistrates, who were loath to exasperate them farther, and come to extremities, to give up their Brethren, so that nothing less than the *Prosecution* now carrying on, could have secur'd the Peace of this City.

As to the Tryal it self, you cannot expect much yet: The Court did not Sit till *Friday* Morning, and that Day was spent chiefly in *Challenges* made by the Rioters to the Impannel. The Jury are Men of known Probity, and whatever is the Fate of the Prisoners, they are sure to have Justice. The Rioters are divided into Two Parts, Twelve or Fourteen in each, and will be Try'd one after another.

All

All this Day has been ſpent in hearing the Witneſſes on the Crown ſide. Mr. *Serjeant Cheſhire*, who has argu'd very eloquently and ſtrenuouſly againſt the Rioters, was taken ill in Court, but he is now very well again. Mr. *Lutwich* ſpoke with his accuſtom'd Learning and Eloquence, and Mr. *Cowper* has ſhewn he is worthy the Blood that flows in his Veins, and to be Nephew and Son of Two of the greateſt Lawyers that ever *England* bred.

The *Faction* are hard at Work to bring off their Fellows if poſſible. 'Tis now Ten o'Clock, and they ſay they have Thirty Witneſſes to bring in to the Hall in favour of the Priſoners. You will have the particular of this Day's Tryal, and the Remainder of the Proſecution in due time. As alſo the Characters and Behaviour of the Criminals. The Names of the Jury, and every thing worthy your Curioſity. If the Charge be given the Jury to Night, for the firſt Parcel of the Rioters Try'd to Day, 'tis thought the Verdict will not be known 'till after the Poſt is gone. I ſhall ſuſpend my own, and only acquaint you, that the Fact has been as plainly prov'd upon them as ever Fact can be prov'd, and that with the moſt odious and aggravating Circumſtances.

Poſtſcript.

Novemb. 29.

I Have little to add to what goes before, the Tryal is yet young, but by my next you ſhall have what has paſt here in that Affair, with the Names of the Grand-Jury and Petty-Jury, who are all Men of the beſt Faſhion and Character. The Behaviour of the Mob gives little Hopes of their Remorſe, and we did expect they would have been more Mannerly. When we came hither, we were met by ſeveral Coaches, Two or Three Hundred Horſe, and the Way for Two or Three Miles was ſo crowded with Spectators, who all ſeem'd well pleas'd with our coming, that we had much ado to get to our Lodgings through the Preſs. 'Twas an Hour and half before we got from *Lawford's-Gate* to *Guild-hall* in *Broad-ſtreet*, which is not a Mile.

There

There was no Clamour againſt us: But now it is likely to go hard with the Offenders, Their Well-wiſhers begin to open their wide Mouths, and *down with the Round-Heads* was heard in the Hall; the very ſame Cry that brought the Rabble on the Coronation-Night. You will excuſe my want of Method, and get it mended by ſome more able Hand, if you make any uſe of what I write, The Fact being as I hinted, ſo plainly made out, the Grand Jury found all the Bills againſt the Rioters but One Yeſterday, and this Day the Court has been taken up with Trying Thirteen of them.

I have mention'd ſomewhat of it already, to which I muſt add, that it was Twelve a Clock on *Saturday* Night before the Petty Jury brought in their Verdict, ſo that the Mail was made up before it could be known what it was.

The Rabble were inſufferably mutinous as the Priſoners were carry'd back from the Hall to *Newgate*, and ſome of the Rabble baul'd out *No Arbitrary Proceedings* in the very Court, the Villains inſulting thus a Bench that has carry'd themſelves with the

the utmoſt Candour and Fairneſs; Several of the Priſoners were Try'd for the Riot only, Six of them were found Guilty, Six others were Try'd for *Murder*, Two of whom were found Guilty; and one who was Try'd for Murder and Burglary, was alſo found Guilty. On Teuſday others of them will be Try'd for the Murder of the *Quaker* before-mention'd, and 'tis not doubted but the Murderers will be convicted,

There are ſo many Indictments ſtill to be Try'd, that 'tis thought we ſhall ſtay here all this Week, and I ſhall let no opportunity ſlip of giving you by every Poſt, an Account of the Proceedings.

I am ſorry I cou'd not ſend you more now, but you will be better ſatisfy'd with ſeeing the whole together than in Parcels, which is the reaſon I reſerve the *Detail* of the Tryals, and give you only the *Groſs*.

I had forgot to tell you, that one of the Ringleaders of the Mob who made the Noiſe in the Court, was cited to the Bar by Mr. Juſtice ——, and the Court oblig'd him to give Bail for his Appearance next Term, to anſwer for his Inſolence. Notwithſtanding this Outrage, the Citizens are generally incens'd againſt the Offenders,

fenders, and 'tis only the very Scum of themselves that are so noisy, they beginning to be apprehensive that Justice will overtake their Crimes, and the Criminals be hung up for Example.

I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO prevent any Imposition on the Publick, This is to give Notice, that Mr. James Roberts, *near the* Oxford-Arms *in* Warwick-Lane, *will continue to Publish the Authentick Papers relating to the Tryal and Execution of the* Bristol RIOTERS.